Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They ſhalbe praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe as falſe to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnſkard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall bloud.
Qu. To ſaue her life, ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is onlie ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And onelie in that ſafetie died her brothers.
King. Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie,
King. All vnauoided is the doome of deſtinie.
Qu. True, when auoided grace makes deſtinie,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life. (armes
K. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady,
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
Kin. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor?

Canſt

Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe,
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
K. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
King. That would I learne of you.
As one that are beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Kin. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her as ſometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlands bloud
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtorie of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou madeſt away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Riuers, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the way,